The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887. NUMBER 19.

THE SCHOOL MARM.

See where she comes adown the lane,
With gladness in her laughing eye,
And in her hand the rattan cane
Will murder laughter by and by.

Young love lurks in her merry tone,
And nestles in her roguish looks,
And long, hard, crooked questions moan
And sob and sniffle in her books.

Her dimpled hand, that seeks the curl
Coquetting with her graceful head,
Can make a boy's ears ring and whirl,
And make the boy wish he were dead.

How much she knows, this blooming rose,
Of human will and human won't:
One wonder is, how much she knows,
The other is, how much she don't.

Sweet pedagogue, I envy not
The merry boys who greet thy call;
Thy mother cuffed my ears, good wot,
When she was young and I was small.
—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS

Taken from English Papers Over a Century Ago.

A Warning to Incorrigible Children—Good-Natured and "Sweet-Dispositioned" Gentlemen—After a Fortune—Misrepresented Ladies.

The following curious advertisement appeared in the Edinburgh *Courant* of October 28, 1758: "We, Robert M'Nair and Jean Holmes, having taken into consideration the way and manner our daughter Jean acted in her marriage, that she took none of our advice, nor advised us before she married, for which reason we discarded her from our family for more than twelve months; and being afraid that some or other of our family may also presume to marry without duly advising us thereof; we, taking the affair into serious consideration, hereby discharge all and every one of our children from offering to marry without our special advice and consent first had and obtained; and if any of our children should propose or presume to offer marriage to any without our advice and consent, they in that case shall be banished from our family twelve months; and if they go so far as to marry without our advice and consent, in that case they are to be banished from our family seven years. But whoever advises us of their intention to marry and obtains our consent, shall not only remain children of the family, but also shall have due proportion of our goods, gear, and estate as we shall think convenient and as the bargain requires. And further, if any one of our children shall marry clandestinely, they by so doing shall lose all claim or title to our effects, goods, gear or estates; and we intimate this to all concerned, that none may pretend ignorance."

A young gentleman "offers his service" to the ladies in an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): "Ladies! A young gentleman aged twenty-five, easy in fortune, happy in temper, of tolerable parts, not superficially polite, but genteel address, some knowledge of the world, and little acquainted with the 'Fair,' presumes to offer his service to one not exceeding ten years older than himself, of good-nature and affable disposition, absolute mistress of at least one thousand pounds. Will find the utmost sincerity from one who would make it the ultimate end of his ambition to render the matrimonial state truly happy. Any lady who has spirit enough to break through the idle customs of the age and not give trouble out of mere curiosity, inclined to answer this, may leave a line for X. O. at Gregg's Coffee-house, in York street, Covent Garden, shall receive immediate answer, and be waited upon in person at any time and place she shall appoint. The most inviolable secrecy and honor will be punctually observed."

The following flattering description of himself is given, by a gentleman of "sweet disposition," to a lady in the *Public Advertiser* of April 17, 1759: "Whereas I had long despaired of meeting with a temptation to enter into the holy state of matrimony, till, taking up the paper of Friday last, I read the agreeable advertisement of a lady, whose sentiments jump so entirely with mine, I am convinced we are cut out for each other, and therefore take this method of describing myself. I am a gentleman of an unexceptionable good family; losses and crosses have reduced my fortune to my wardrobe, a diamond ring, a gold watch, and an amber-headed cane; but as you have generously said you don't even wish a fortune, I imagine this will be no hindrance. My person is far from disagreeable, my skin smooth and shining, my forehead high and polished, my eyes sharp though small, my nose long and aquiline, my mouth wide, and what teeth I have perfectly sound. All this, with the addition of a good heart and sweet disposition, and not one unruly particle, compose the man who will be willing upon the slightest intimation to pay his devoirs to the lady. If she will direct her letter for S. W., to be left at St. James' Coffee-house, the gentleman will wait on her wherever she pleases to appoint him."

The following advertisement is taken from the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): "A Single Gentleman, in a very good way of business, and who can make two hundred per cent. advantage out of it, and who is free from debts, about twenty-six years of age, and is what the flatterer calls genteel, and rather handsome, of a cheerful disposition, and of very affable temper, not at all given to drinking, gaming, or any other vice that a Lady can take umbrage at; one that would rather get a fortune than spend one, has been in most parts of England, and is very well acquainted with London, and no stranger to the 'Fair Sex,' but entirely so to any one he would prefer for a wife. As he has not been so happy as to meet with a Lady that suits his disposition as yet; of a cheerful disposition and free from the modern vices; one that is of the Church of England, and has no objection to going there on the Sabbath, and to take some care for a future happiness, one that would think herself rather happier in her husband's company than at public places; one that would more consult the interest of her than the glass, in the morning; to be neat in person and apparel. As to the Lady's person, it will be more agreeable to have with it what the world calls agreeable than beauty, with any fortune not less than five hundred pounds at her disposal, except she has good interest, then less will be agreeable. Any Lady this may suit will be waited on by directing a line to G. C. at Peele's Coffee house, in Fleet street. Inviolable secrecy may be depended upon, as the gentlemen does not choose a seven years' siege."

"Miss Fisher" inserts the following paragraph in the *Public Advertiser* of March 30, 1759: "To err is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and indiscretions seldom or never escape from censure, the more heavy as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay trebled by the world if the progress of that character is marked by success; then malice shoots against it all her stings, the snakes of envy are let loose; to the humane and generous heart then must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honour. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers and scurvy malevolence; has been abused in public papers, exposed in print-shops, and to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, ignorant and venal, would impose upon the public by daring to pretend to publish her Memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavors by thus publicly declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth. C. FISHER."

A maiden lady, who wishes to enter "into the honorable state of matrimony," inserts the following in the *Daily Adverser* of April 13, 1759: "A middle-aged Maiden Lady, with an independent fortune, has been determined by the cruel treatment of those who from their connections ought to have been her friends, to think of entering into the honorable state of matrimony. She is indifferent as to fortune, so she meets with a gentleman of good morals and family; indeed, she would rather wish to marry a person without any fortune, that the gentleman may have the higher obligations to her, and of consequence treat her with that tenderness and regard reasonably to be expected from persons under such circumstances. Her reason for taking this method is, that it has been industriously given out by people interested (in order, she supposes, to prevent proposals), that she had determined never to marry. Letters with proposal will be received at the Smyrna Coffee-house, directed for Z. Z. A description of the gentleman's person, age and profession is requested to be inserted, and how to direct if the proposals are approved of. The lady's conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny. No letters received unless postpaid, to prevent impertinence." — *Chambers' Journal.*

DUNDER'S SAYINGS.

The Observations of One Who Looks at the World with Experienced Eyes.

I doan' belief half I hear—onless it vhas scandal. Den I belief it all, and more, too.

Der fact dot our neighbor can haf a new coat while we haf to wear our old one vhas blenty excuse to hate him.

Vhen a young man who vhas oudt of work and money und in rags comes to you for help, tell him "dere vhas room at der top." It vhas good advice—und werry sheap.

If somebody robs me of two cents I vhant him arrested for der principle of it. Der shmaller der sum der more I stick for principle. You can buy a whole car-load of it for a cent.

Vhen a man begins to pelief dot he owns der earth, it vhas time to put him up for candidate for constable and let him see how few admirers he has.

Vhen I meet a man who hungers to reform der human race, I took notis dot he vhas somebody who vhas tired of honest labor, or he vhas scart out of a wicked career by der police.

Vhen I goes into a grocery and sees der sign dot honesty vhas der best policy, I doan' buy some coffee dere. It vhas sure to be half chicory.

If we lose a dollar on der shtreet we vhas madt pecause der finder vhas not honest enough to return it. If we find fife dollar we feel dot der owner ought to lose it for his carelessness.

If you gif somepody advice find out first how he believes, und den make your advice to agree with it. Der man whose advice doan' tally mit our opinions vhas no good.

I doan' shudge a Christian man by der length of his prayers or der loudness of his song. Der question vhas if he pays his debts und keeps his hens mit his own yard.

If we vhas in der coal peesness und giving eighteen hoonered pounds for a ton, we keep an eye on der wood man dot he gifs full measure mit his wood.

If I vhas a good man I like to half der fact kept off my tombstone. Der graveyard critic gifs nopoby credit.

Anticipation vhas a big dinner which we eat up und shtill feel hungry all oafer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CARNIVAL OF DEATH.

Some of the Horrors of the Famine Prevailing in India in 1878-79.

After being delayed a week at Jooty, where at the Government expense I lived sumptuously, I was ordered to Madras, where I did not fare so well, but was finally ordered to Tinnevelly, the most southern state in all India. From thence I was sent to Ootipadaram, where the collector had established a huge camp, and where ten thousand to twelve thousand paupers were being fed. The village of Ootipadaram sits on a huge treeless plain, which plain in better years raised vast amounts of grain, and the village was the most thriving of that district. But now its rich Brahmins were dead. Used to a life of ease and plenty, they had been the first to succumb to want and privation, and there in their houses with their hands clasped across their knees, or writhing on the floor in agony, they had gasped out their breath calling on God for succor. Women who were once beautiful lay dead with their children in their arms, and on the putrid bodies—on the grim skeletons—lay golden anklets, bracelets, ear-rings and the fine golden platter which adorns the wealthy Brahmin woman's head. Jewels fit for crowned heads lay scattered about—jewels which had been offered for a handful of millet, and had been refused, and through all this gloom and misery stalked the professional beggar, poking and prying to find something with which to stay the gnawing at his vitals.

There were thousands of human beings busy making the camp, and very little food. But the grain was coming, coming as fast as oxen could drag it, and the many hungry people, elated with hope, struggled bravely against death. In all that vast and starving crowd there was no murmur. Once or twice an importunate woman would catch my leg and ask whether it were true that the grain was coming. No shudder of horror electrified their frames when thrice each day the carts laden with dead would pass from out of the camp and dump the bodies in the long trenches. At last the grain train came. Every pauper outside the camp was driven in and securely locked up within the fence. The grain was unloaded—but the food they so anxiously wanted to eat was denied many a one. The strain in many instances was too great. The joy was too violent, and in sight of plenty they died. And after the arrival of the grain the camp was organized and two daily doles were made—one in the morning and one in the evening. The dole consisted of rice and chile water, and after the first day's food the mortality in the camp was frightful. It rose to over one thousand a day. The paupers were ranged in long lines; each was furnished with a platter, into which was thrown the rice and then sprinkled with chile water. Ere the hand could convey the food to the mouth the expectant eater would be dead; others whilst gulping down their food would be seized with convulsions; some who had finished their rice would linger an hour or so, their stomachs swollen to an incredible size, and die raving maniacs; some would dash their heads against the ground delirious from joy. In every horrid shape stood death—death in every revolting and hideous form.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

HAD BEEN IN PRISON.

A Crowd Which Had No Marked Prejudice Against Penitentiary Birds.

A stranger entered an Austin saloon the other evening, and after scowling at the half-dozen sitters who were gathered there, he said:

"Would you gentlemen object to taking a drink with a man what's been in State prison?"

He was a big, muscular fellow, with a bad eye in his head, and he rested his left elbow sort of careless on the bar, facing the crowd, his right hand reached playfully for his hip-pocket.

All jumped quickly to their feet at the invitation and advanced toward the bar, exclaiming in chorus: "Certainly not, stranger!"

"I'm proud to drink with you," said the foremost man, grasping him warmly by the hand. "I don't think any less of a man because he has been in State's prison. In fact I've served seven years in one myself."

"I have broke jail in three States," said another; "yet I ain't proud. Give us your hand."

"I have never been in State prison," remarked a third, "but I don't know how my case may turn out when they get through with it up to the court-house. It looks pretty squally."

"I believe in giving a man a chance," said a fourth. "I've got a brother in the Louisiana penitentiary, and I wouldn't like to see folks give him the cold shoulder when he comes out."

"Many an innocent man goes to prison," remarked the fifth man. "I would be there myself, I reckon, if the State's chief witness hadn't up and died just before the case came up. It was a close call, I tell you."

"Well," said the stranger, "since you seem to be such a hard lot by your own confession, I retire my invitation. I have been in State prison for several years, not as prisoner, but as prison superintendent. I will see you later, no doubt," and, paying for his single drink, he departed, leaving an inconsolable crowd behind.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Steam pipes, by a local ordinance, must be kept at a distance of three inches from any woodwork, in San Francisco.

NOCTURNAL VISIONS.

A Conscientious Physician's Rational View of Dream Representations.

Wundt regards most dream representations as really representations, since they emanate from sensorial impressions which, though weak, continue during sleep. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog.

Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare, the nightmare seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower.

Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in a waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multicolored pears, flowers, etc. But if there be some cutaneous irritation, these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles, crawling over the skin of the sleeper."

The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or in society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bedclothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance to respiration, or interference with the action of the heart may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it, or has forgotten something on starting on a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

The representation of dreams having sensorial origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Parents and friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams, because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living." This view of dreaming is rational, and explanatory of most of the phenomena that we are conscious of, while it may lead to a better understanding of those visions to the asleep and half-awake that are so extraordinary as to appear at present unaccountable except by imputing supernatural causes to them.—*Threnological Journal.*

A NATURAL LAWYER.

The Remarkable Self-Possessions Displayed by an Impecunious Californian.

A man dropped in on a Stockton lawyer the other day, and wanted to borrow $10.

"Haven't got it," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the modest man, "can't you borrow it for me?"

"I might; but you must pay back that $5 you borrowed of me a year ago first."

He left. The next day he came again, and brought the $5.

"Thank you, thank you," smiled the member of the bar, pocketing the piece.

"That ain't the proper thing to say; 'thank you' is too tame."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"What should I say, then?"

"Why, you ought to say: 'Come on, old boy, let's go down an' have someth'.'"

"Well, then, come on, old boy!"

They went down and had something, and the "old boy" called up all his friends. There was just $3.10 left out of the half-eagle.

That afternoon the "old boy" dropped in on the lawyer again.

"How about that $10?" he asked.

"What $10?"

"Why that $10 you were going to lend me if I brought back the five. I've come to get it."

"Great Cæsar! Say, just sit down over there and go to studying law. I need a man just like you; I'm going to make you my partner."—*Stockton (Cal.) Mail.*

The Gypsy Kettle-Stick.

After the tent the next most valued necessity of the Gypsy camp is the kettle-stick. Its service is the same as that of the old swinging pot-hook on the crane in the great fire-places of our forefathers. It is of iron, and the nearest thing which it resembles in form is the shepherd's crook. It is about four feet long and from a half-inch to an inch in thicknesss, pounded out of wrought-iron by some country blacksmith, or is a triumph of skill of some Gypsy tinker, at least one of whom is found in every camp. It terminates at the top in a semicircular bow, from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter, the turned point having a neatly shaped upturned hook from which depends the pot or kettle. The lower end of the kettle-stick has a sharp point, easily driven into the yielding earth. The fire is built next this kettle-stick, and the pot, hanging from the hook, can be given any degree of heat by simply turning the iron rod, with the hook for a crank, any desired direction in the earthen socket.—*Edgar W. Wakeman, in Chicago News.*

PITH AND POINT.

—She (whispering)—You gave yourself away. He—I gave nothing away. She—That's what I said.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A subscriber wants to know if men make much out of journalism. Yes, dear friend, much more out of it than in it.—*New Haven News.*

—"Oh, dear," exclaimed Fenderson, "I wish I knew something about history!" "Very commendable aspiration," replied Fogg, "but why do you particularize history, Fendy?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—The body of King Alfonso of Spain is said to be petrifying, and a New York dude is going over to watch the process. He has spent $50,000 trying to get "hard," and hasn't succeeded yet, to his own satisfaction.—*Puck.*

—His Peace Destroyed.—
A married man in words unkind
And with much emphasis avers,
His wife destroys his peace of mind
By giving him a piece of hers.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

—It is astonishing how much scorn, indignation and contempt a woman can put into two words. If you do not believe it just listen while she speaks of some one she dislikes as "that man."—*Boston Globe.*

—"In Armenia the bride is not allowed to speak in the presence of her husband's mother." A legend exists that in America there are times when the husband is not allowed to speak in the presence of his wife's mother.

—A Question.—The proprietor of our leading cafe has succeeded in training his waiters almost to perfection; but when I order terrapin and yellow label after a theater party, has this one any right to put on that look of ineffable surprise because I prefer to vary the monotony of my usual cheese sandwich once in a while?—*Puck.*

—"See here, Talbot, you told me that Miss Courtney owned this country seat?" "No, I didn't, Joe. I said she owns a country seat?" "Well, where is the one she owns?" "I don't know; I saw her carry it with her when she went to milk this morning." "Good gracious, Talbot, what are you talking about?" "A milking stool!"

—"Beautiful sport—beautiful!" said the drummer. "Sixty birds in two hours, and only missed two shots." A quiet gentleman sitting in a corner of the hotel office put down his paper, rushed across the room and grasped him warmly by the hand. "Allow me to congratulate you, sir," said; "I am a professional myself." "Professional sportsman?" "No; profesional liar."—*N. Y. Post.*

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A Typical Conversation Between Two Ultra Fashionable Young Ladies.

Scene—Madison square. Miss Fannie discovered gazing into a confectioner's window. Enter Miss Sadie.

Miss Fannie—Why, Sadie McJones!

Miss Sadie—Why, Fannie! Where *have* you been this age? I never see you anywhere.

"I've been thinking the same thing about you. I expected to meet you at Mrs. Hungerford Gunn's reception last week. Didn't you get cards? The Gunns are *so* exclusive."

"Why, you poor dear, were you there too? No, *we* NEVER go to the Gunn's."

"No? Sir Marmaduke Flat was there. I suppose you never met him?"

"Dear me, no. Of course, you've heard the rumors that he is no more a Baronet than I am. Ma says he could never have imposed on any one but the Gunns."

"What a dear, satirical creature your mamma is, Sadie. By the by, have you seen Charley Van Smith lately?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I went with him to the Crushers' musicale last evening. Such a pity you were not invited. Of coure, you've heard that Charley and I are engaged?"

"Dear me, no! I'm *so* glad, Sadie, darling. I've really been worried about Charley ever since I refused him last month, and I am just awfully pleased to think that he has found consolation so soon."

"You're so lovely, Fannie."

"And you're wearing the very same solitaire that he begged me to accept, arn't you, darling? Isn't that too nice for any thing? Well, I must be going. *Good*-bye. Now *do* come and see me, very, very soon."

"Yes, I will, dear. Good-bye."

"*Good*-bye." (They kiss and part.)
—*Tid-Bits.*

Tumors and Cancers of the Eye.

There are certain tumors that are apt to grow within the eye-ball or in the orbit, interfering with the vision by the pressure they give rise to, or by destruction of the essential structures of the organ of sight. The retina itself may give origin to a tumor (glioma or sarcoma) which will destroy the eye, and, eventually, the life of the sufferer. Such tumors are to be observed mostly, if not entirely, in children. They give a peculiar yellow tint to the eye when looked at closely, somewhat reminding one of the eyes of the cat. Extirpation of the eye-ball early offers the only hope of saving life, and this is generally doomed to disappointment. The growth returns to the orbit or within the brain, and ends by killing the patient after months of suffering. Cancer, in any of its varieties, may attack the eye-ball or its surroundings in the orbit, even the bone not escaping its ravages. Its end is in death, unless life is cut short by other disease.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

NATURAL HISTORY LESSON.

"I suppose you think you know me, child," said he,
"But things are seldom what they seem to be,
And your ignorance I can not but lament.
I can give some information
For your mental cultivation,
If you listen with a mind intelligent."

"O, thank you, sir!" she said, in tones polite,
Though her teeth they chattered audibly with fright.
"Then give me your attention," he began,
And please do not grow fidgety—
My family is *Strigidæ*.
And *Symium Cinereum* my clan.

"My customs, I may say, are quite nocturnal,
Though my cousins, the *Nyctea*, are diurnal
(They are dear, but distant, relatives of mine.)
My habits are carnivorous
And sometimes insectivorous,
To rodents I especially incline.

"My eyes *are* rather luminous, I own,"
He continued, in a meditative tone,
"But if it would oblige you, I could wink.
My pupils are dilating,
But the lids are nictitating,
Which enables me to give my noted blink

"I grieve to say that persons superstitious
Abuse me in a manner most malicious,
But you—regard me not with careless eyes!
Let me ask you to observe a
Final fact—that to Minerva
I am sacred—and I'm counted very wise."

"I thank you very kindly sir," said she,
"But all your Latin words are Greek to me:
Don't think me rude—you *are* a learned fowl,
And I much admire your feathers,
So suited to all weathers;
But—excuse me!—are you not our common owl?"
—*Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas.*

THE BIGGEST SNOWBALL.

Lily's Adventure in It—Saved by Tim, the Cat.

"Here comes the snow. Look, look! what beautiful flakes!" cried Lily as she gazed from the nursery window. "I *am* glad!"

"Why are you glad?" asked Ida, who was watching the sky. "*I* am not glad."

"No, because you want to go to Reigate; but I want to make the biggest snowball that ever was seen!"

"You will be puzzled to do that," replied her sister. "But here comes the snow-storm."

The snow fell thickly, and in the morning there was nothing but white to be seen. Two days passed; more snow came, but then the weather cleared. Ida went off, under her parents' escort, to her aunt's house; and Lily, putting on her thickest boots and warmest clothes, went into the garden with her brothers to make "the biggest snowball that was ever seen!"

Of course Tim, the cat, looked on. Nothing can be done unless Tim has a share in the fun of this happy family. Perhaps, as it turned out, it was a good thing that Tim *was* looking on.

The children kept rolling the snow about until the ball had got as big as Lily herself. They were scooping it out in the middle to make it into a house, when dinner-time came, and the children went indoors with such red hands and faces, and looking as well as possible.

After dinner the boys went out walking; Lily kept quiet for a while, thinking. Soon Lily crept downstairs and out into the garden to see her big snowball, and to play at being a Laplander.

She had heard that Laplanders lived in cold countries in snow-houses; so she was a "Lap." She dug out more snow, until she could sit inside the great snowball quite at the end of the garden. Lily was very hot as she crept in, and piled the snow by degrees in front of her; her gloves got very wet, and her hands burned when she stuck them together. At last she got drowsy, and fell fast asleep.

Tea-time came. "Where is Miss Lily?" asked nurse. No one could tell. No one had seen her since dinner, except the parlor-maid, who said; "Perhaps she is in the garden."

The nurse looked out. It was then getting dark. She put on her goloshes, and walked all around the garden seeking Lily. She looked at the snowball. No Lily was there; she could see nothing but the snow-mass.

Then she became frightened; where could Lily be? There were no marks in the snow to show that she had gone out into the road. Perhaps she has gone with her brothers to see the sliders on the common!

Five o'clock. No Lily. Now it was dark. Father and mother would be home soon. The nurse, cook, and parlor-maid searched all over the house—upstairs, downstairs. But no Lily!

As they were searching a knock came to the door. Father and mother had come home, after leaving Ida at Reigate. In a few minutes the boys came in, too; but without Lily!

Their mother at once noticed the pale and frightened face of the parlor-maid, but said nothing until she reached the nursery, when she saw the nurse just as frightened, and even paler.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith. "Is any thing wrong? You and Fanny are both looking as frightened as if there had been thieves in the house. What has happened? Speak!"

"Oh, ma'm, Miss Lily—is—lost!"

"Lost!" screamed Mrs. Smith. "Lost, and you sit here quietly? Have you searhed? did you send for the police? Where was she lost?"

The poor mother's alarm and distress were terrible to see. She was so fond of all her children that she was nearly distracted; she rushed into every room, dashing the cupboards and presses open, and unlocking the trunks; she looked into the cistern, into a great sofa-box in the bed room, under all the beds. She turned the cat roughly out of the arm-chair, and poor Tim, being very much frightened, ran downstairs and mewed until the cook let him go out into the garden.

Willie and Earnest also searched. Mr. Smith went off to the police-station to describe the little girl and to inquire. Poor little Lily was lost—perhaps dead, and no one could think where the child had gone! The garden was searched with lanterns; and; when the boys with their father were looking round for the last time, up came Tim and mewed.

"I believe Tim misses Lily," said Ernest.

Tim mewed again, turned round, walked down the garden and made a dreadful noise. Then, to the astonishment of all, the cat *leaped on the big snowball and scratched at it!*

"I do believe Lily's buried in the snow, father," cried Willie. "Come along, let's see."

Mr. Smith said nothing, but with a tremendous shove he turned the ball over. The boys clutched it, and there, in the aperture, lay Lily—insensible or asleep—but alive certainly.

Tim mewed, and raced into the house in front of Mr. Smith, who, with his little girl in his arms, came running into the kitchen.

The cook screamed. Mrs. Smith came rushing down when the boys cried "Lily's found!"

The doctor came, and poor Lily was in bed with terrible chilblains for many days; but she never was really ill.

"I fell asleep," she said, "and I remember no more. I pretended to be a Laplander, and I breathed through the hole the fall had made. I never heard any one call me."

But they were so glad to find her that no one scolded her. Tim was praised for being so sensible, and he purred his thanks. But if Lily had not been kind to him she might never have been found.

And so ended Lily's strange adventure and the story of the "biggest snowball that ever was seen."—*Henry Frith, in Little Folks.*

BLUE VS. BLACK EYES.

Tommy Fane's Novel Scheme for Securing a Little Sister to His Liking.

Tommy Fane's hair was jet-black, and so was that of his little sister, who was only four months old. They both had black eyes. But Tommy didn't think black hair and eyes pretty. He loved his little sister very much, but he used to wish she had yellow hair and blue eyes, like those of a baby he had once seen in the park.

Just across the street from where Tommy lived was a new house, and one day a family moved into it. While they were putting things to rights upstairs Tommy went in to look around.

Almost the first thing he saw was a cradle, and in it a lovely baby, with yellow hair curling in little rings all over its head, and its eyes were blue.

"Oh, dear! I wish our baby looked like this," thought Tommy. Then he wondered if his mother wouldn't rather have this baby than her own. He knew she, too, thought blue eyes pretty.

He stood looking at the baby a moment, and then lifted it from the cradle. It was almost too heavy for him to carry, but he held it close, and, taking it home, put it in his little sister's cradle. Then he carried his little sister over to the other house.

A few minutes later the mother of the yellow-haired baby came to take the little thing upstairs. She thought when she saw the strange baby in the cradle that she must be dreaming. She knew her baby's hair and eyes couldn't have turned black in an hour. Somebody had stolen her own child, and left this one in its place.

She picked the baby up and ran across the street to tell somebody the dreadful thing that had happened. She didn't know Tommy's mother, but she went right in the house without stopping to knock. And there was Tommy, showing his mother the new little sister with the yellow hair.

"Why, Tommy"—began his mother Then she saw the stranger in the door way, and ran to take the baby from her arms.

And the strange lady caught up the baby in the cradle, glad enough to have found it safe.

Both the mothers cried at first, but they laughed when Tommy told why he had exchanged the babies. They didn't scold him, for they knew he had not meant to do wrong, and was sorry he had made so much trouble.—*Florence B. Hallowell, in Our Little Ones.*

—In Grant County, Ore., where the bounty on jackrabbit scalps is five cents each, some of the farmers stretch a wire screen across the prairie, the screen having meshes just large enough for a rabbit to stick his head through. Then men and dogs round up the rabbits, and drive them toward the screen, and, in their hurry to escape, they stick their heads through and are caught. Then the farmers scalp the captives and let them go, hoping that each will raise another five-cent scalp before long. This is the story told by the Grant County *News.*

—The treatises on social etiquette will have to be amended in order to include the very latest way of declining an invitation to a reception. Thus, Henry Willard and Joseph Willard are two brother millionaires in Washington who do not cultivate the virtue of brotherly love. Henry Willard gave an entertainment and sent a card to Joseph, reading: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willard. At home January 15 from 9 to 11 p. m." Whereupon Joseph sent a card to Henry, reading: "Joseph Willard, also at home January 15 from 9 to 11 p. m." That was short, sweet and graphic.